

MARVEL

521

WAID
WIERINGO
KESEL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four

**RISING
STORM**
PART 2 of 4



Ringo!
KESEL
'04
MOUNTS

THE FANTASTIC FOUR

4 A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imagonauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

3 A growing number of planets have been using an "intergalactic shareware" technology to cloak themselves from the world-eating cosmic menace known as Galactus, rendering themselves invisible to even his most advanced instruments of detection.

2 Hungering for these planets, Galactus chose as his new, reluctant Herald the one person in this vast universe with the natural ability to nullify cloaking shields of all kinds: Johnny Storm, the former Human Torch, whose powers have been swapped with his sister, Sue Storm Richards.

1 With the help of a hero named Quasar, Sue and the others are now racing through the cosmos to find Johnny before he's lost to them forever...



STAN LEE PRESENTS **RISING STORM**

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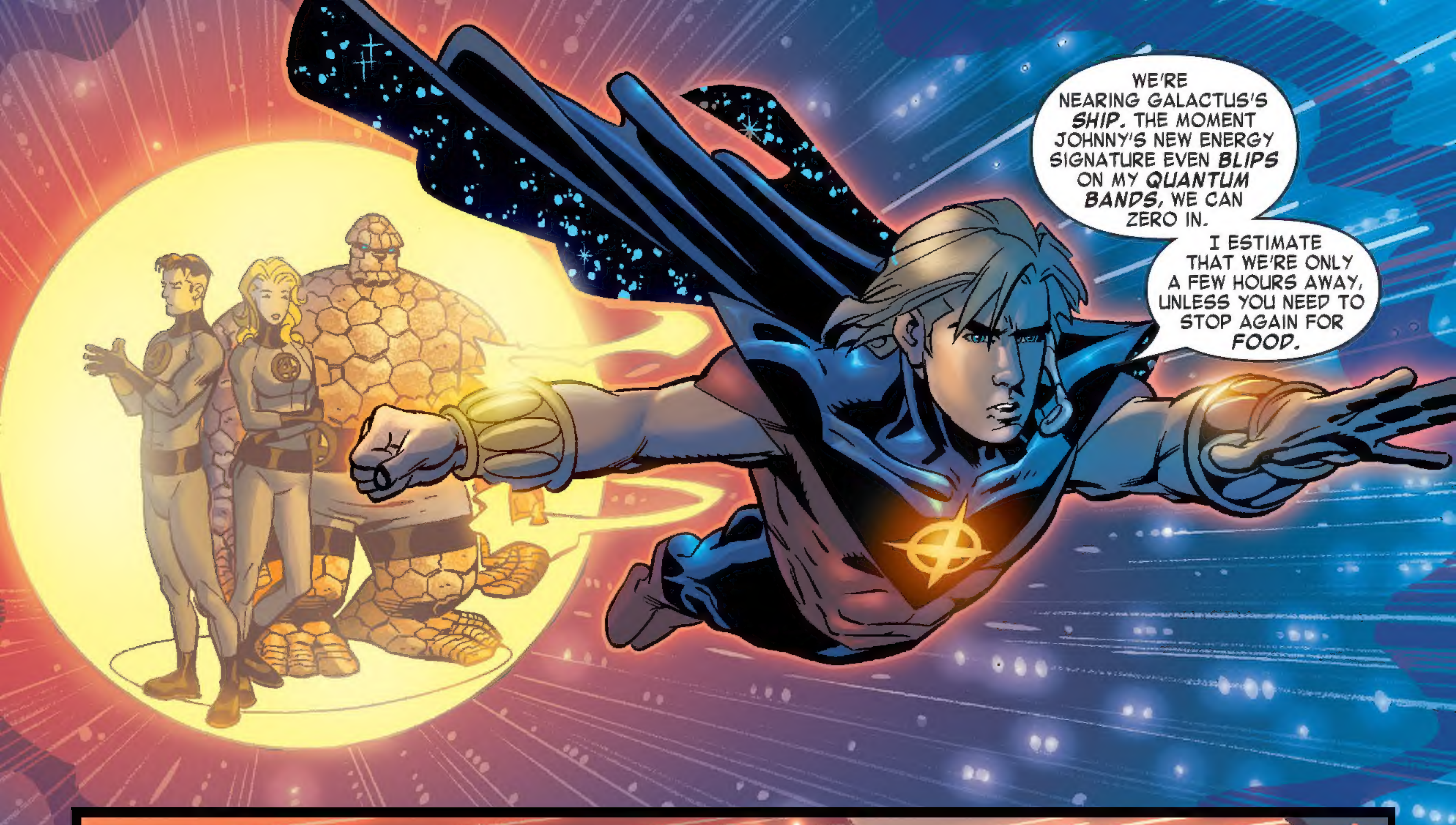
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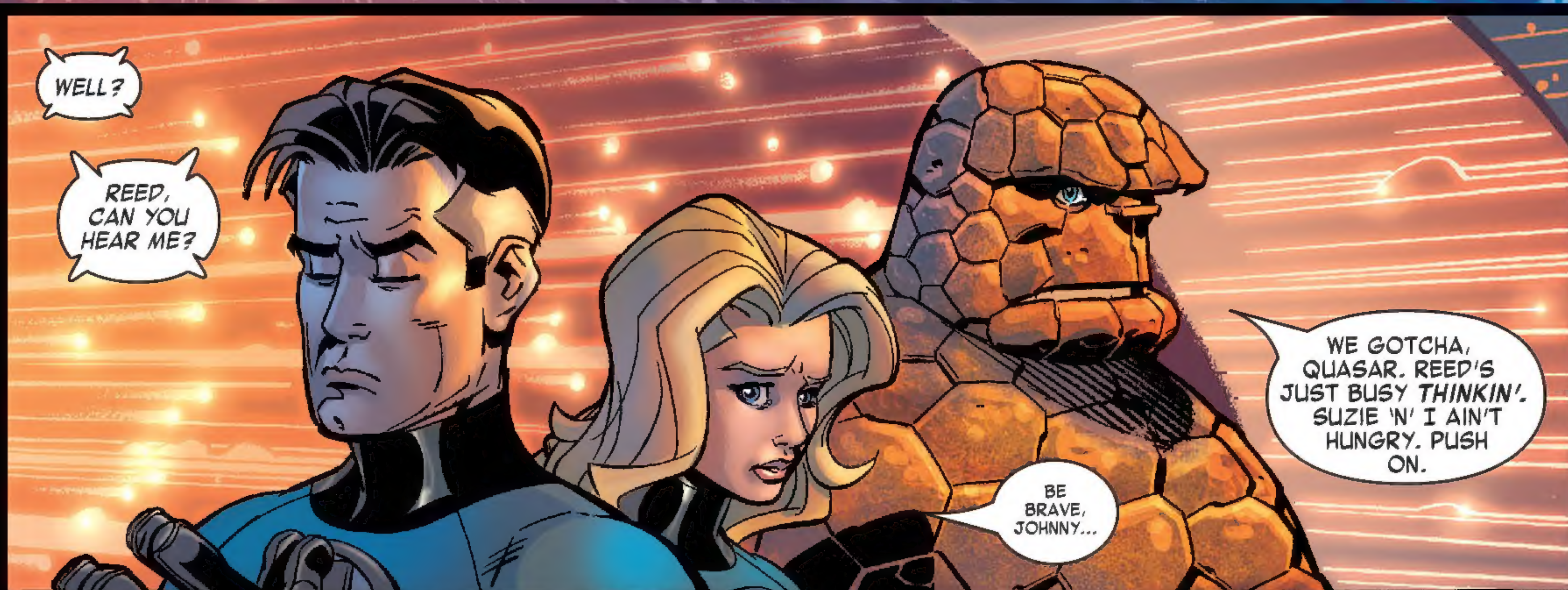
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY
the perfect storm

PART
2 of 4



WE'RE NEARING GALACTUS'S SHIP. THE MOMENT JOHNNY'S NEW ENERGY SIGNATURE EVEN *BLIPS* ON MY QUANTUM BANDS, WE CAN ZERO IN.

I ESTIMATE THAT WE'RE ONLY A FEW HOURS AWAY, UNLESS YOU NEED TO STOP AGAIN FOR FOOD.

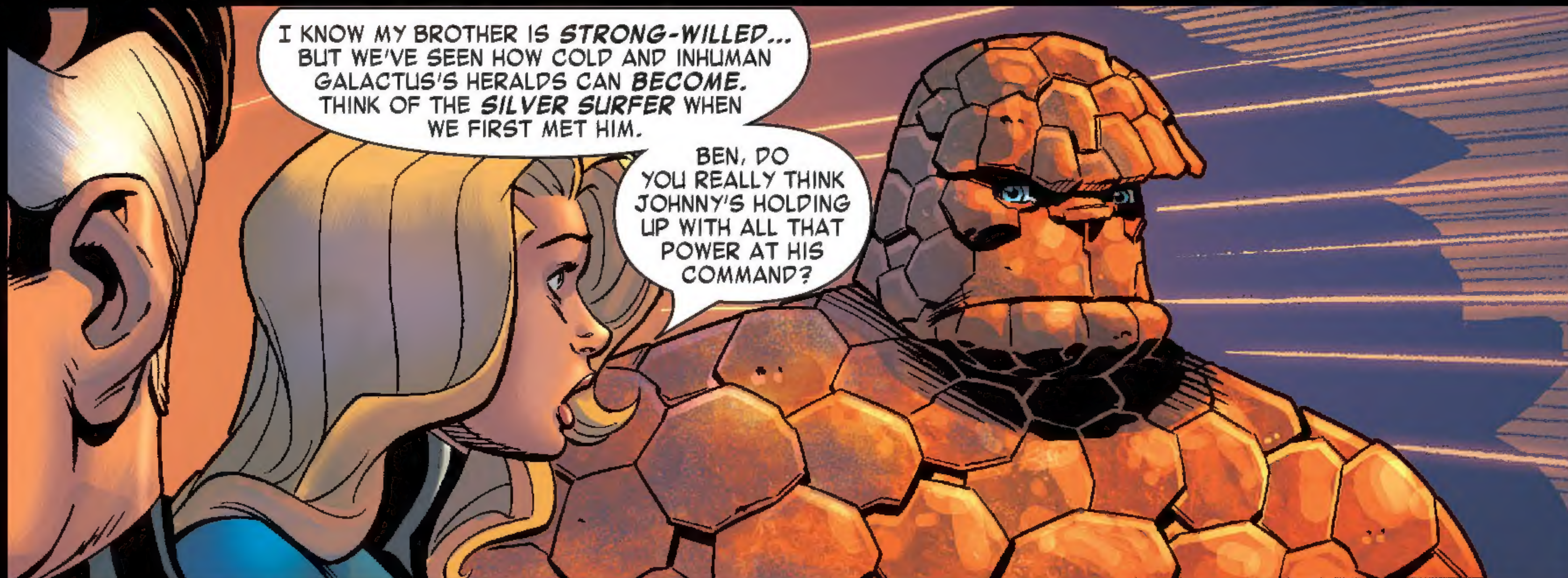


WELL?

REED, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

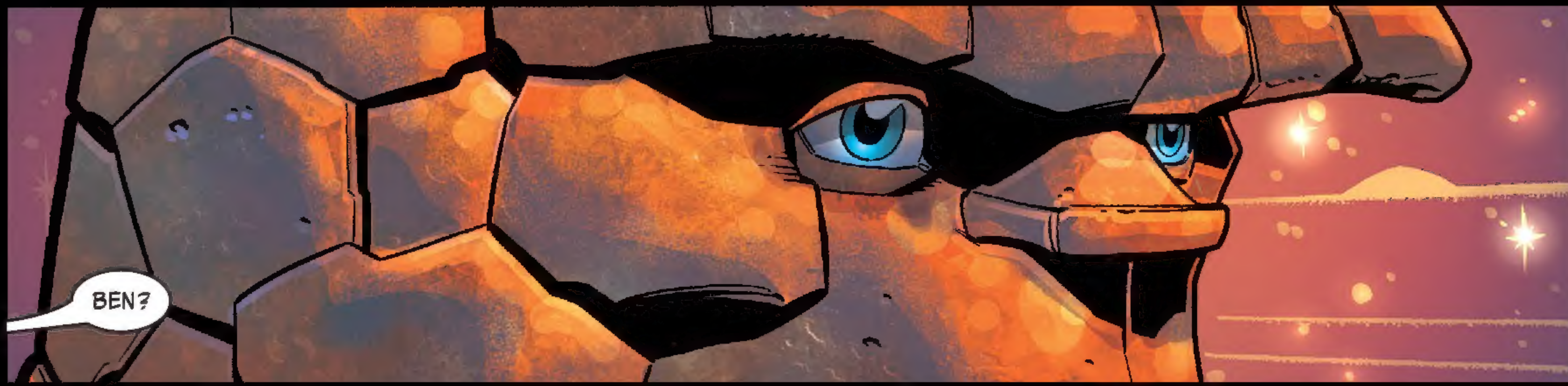
WE GOTCHA, QUASAR. REED'S JUST BUSY THINKIN'. SUZIE 'N' I AIN'T HUNGRY. PUSH ON.

BE BRAVE, JOHNNY...



I KNOW MY BROTHER IS *STRONG-WILLED*... BUT WE'VE SEEN HOW COLD AND INHUMAN GALACTUS'S HERALDS CAN *BECOME*. THINK OF THE *SILVER SURFER* WHEN WE FIRST MET HIM.

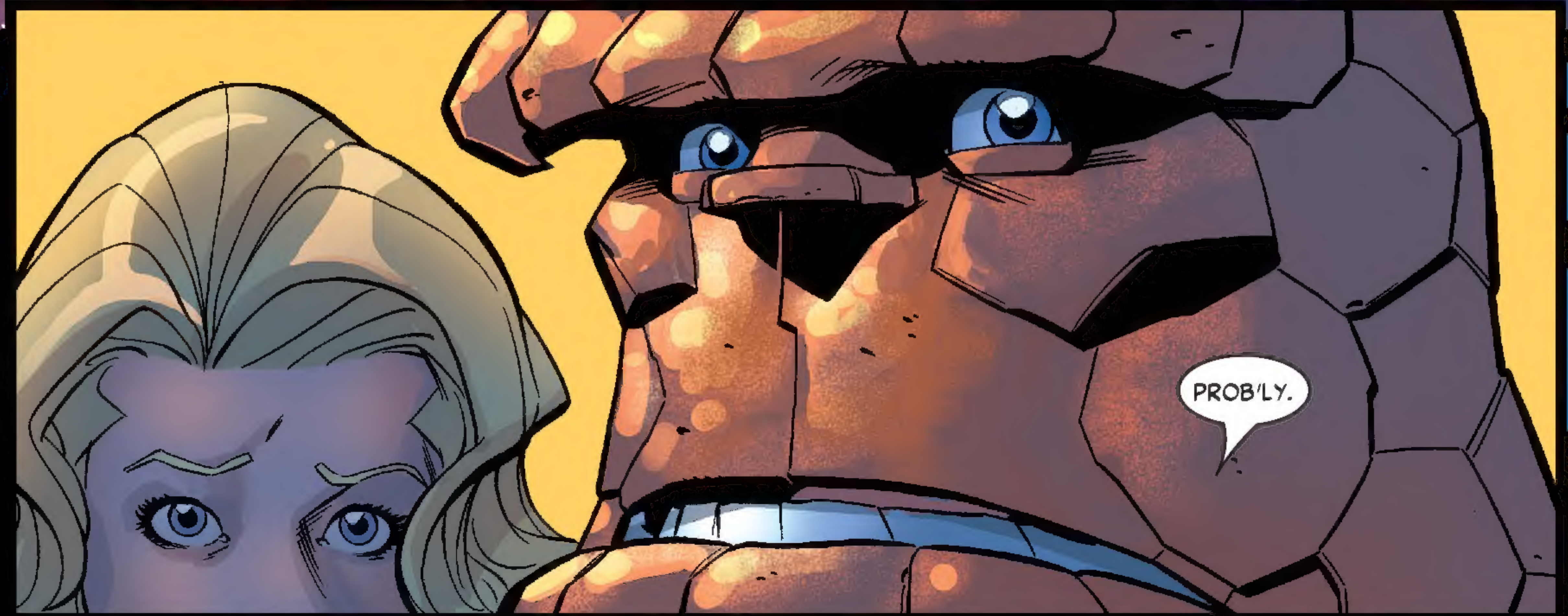
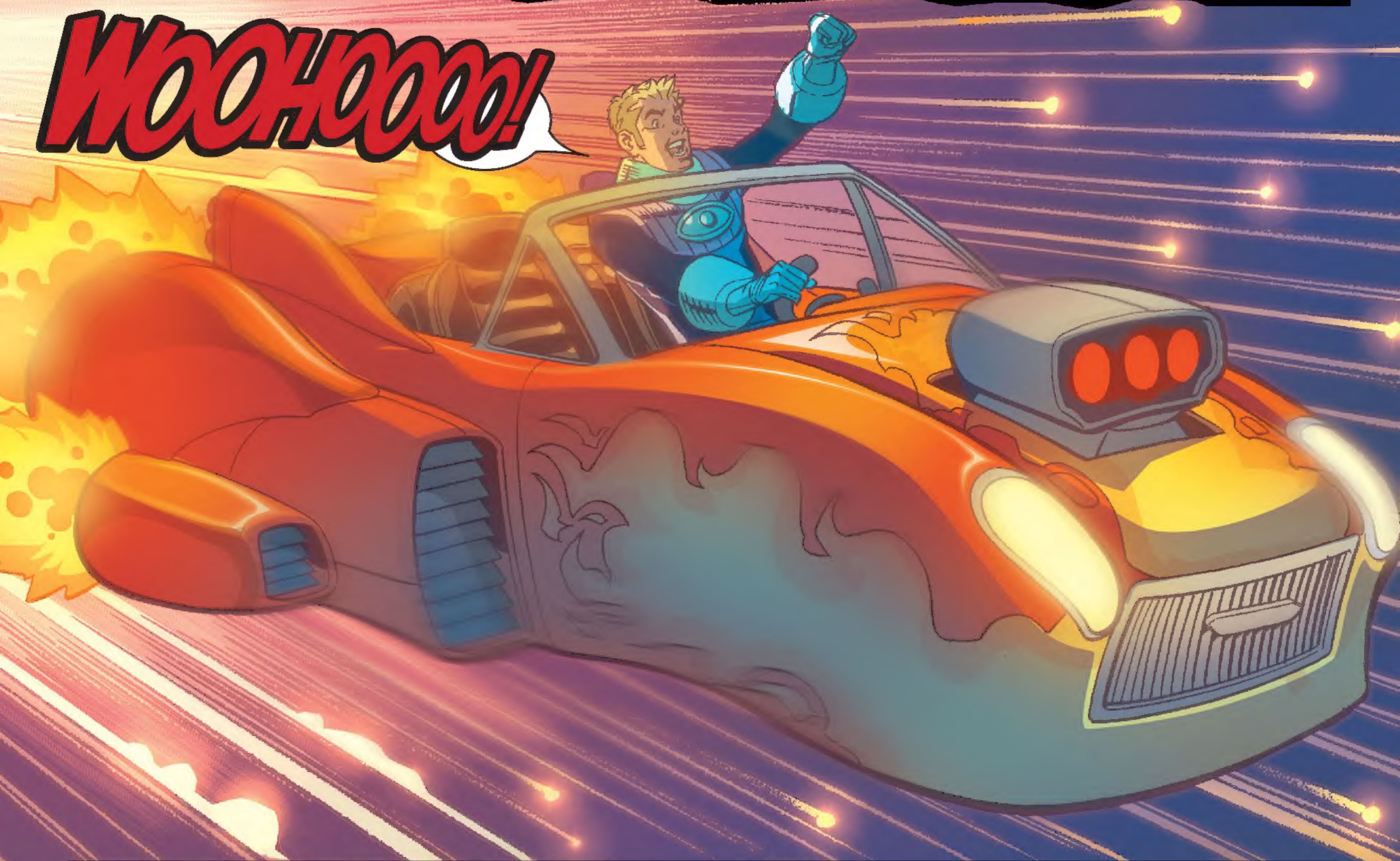
BEN, DO YOU REALLY THINK JOHNNY'S HOLDING UP WITH ALL THAT POWER AT HIS COMMAND?



BEN?



WOOHOOO!



PROB'LY.

THE BRÜM NEBULA.



THUS FAR, THERE HAVE BEEN NO *SIGHTINGS*
OF ANY HERALD. NO *BREACH* OF OUR DEFENSES
BY *ANYTHING* DETECTABLE BY SIGHT, SOUND,
OR ANY ELECTROMAGNETIC FREQUENCY
WHATSO...





SIGH



WILL YOU **CALM THE HECK DOWN?**

I AM HERE TO **HELP**, WHICH IS **REALLY** NOT SOMETHING I GET TO SAY AS OFTEN AS I WOULD LIKE, SO CAN WE **RELAX?**

TAKE ME TO YOUR **LEADER!**



I AM HE.

NO, YOU'RE A **HAND PUPPET**. YOU WERE CHOSEN TO **REPRESENT** BECAUSE YOU **LOOK TOUGH**. I NEED TO TALK TO YOUR **ACTUAL LEADER**.

THAT WOULD BE YOU, SIR.

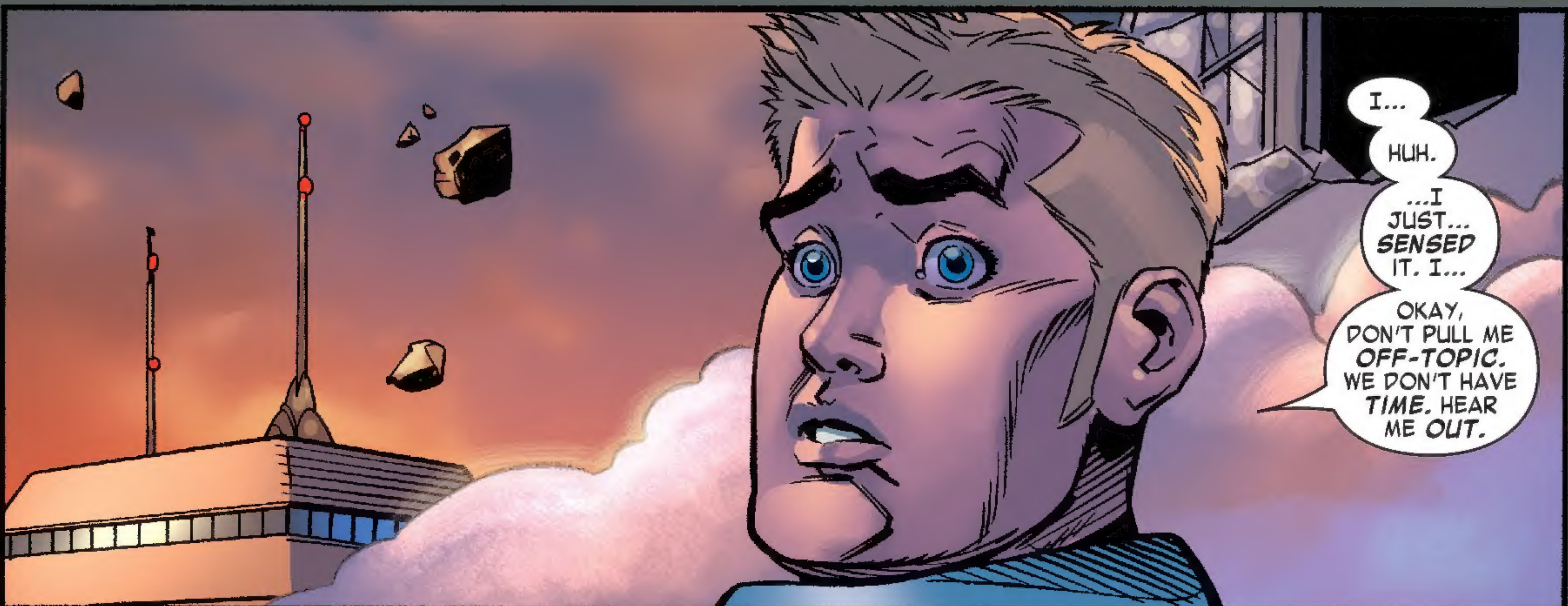


?

=GASP!-

IT...IT'S **TRUE**. IT IS A **NECESSARY DECEPTION** KEPT FROM OUR PEOPLE FOR **DECADES...**

...A **SECRET** SHARED **ONLY** BY THE TWO OF US! HOW...HOW DID YOU **KNOW?**



I...

HUH.

...I JUST... **SENSED** IT. I...

OKAY, DON'T PULL ME **OFF-TOPIC**. WE DON'T HAVE **TIME**. **HEAR ME OUT.**



EXPOSITION LIGHTNING ROUND:
I WAS RECRUITED BY G-COMMA-
BIG BECAUSE I APPARENTLY HAVE
THIS **UNIQUE ABILITY** TO LOOK
PAST THE CLOAKING DEVICES THE
WORLDS IN THIS SYSTEM USE
AS A **DEFENSE** AGAINST
HIM.

PROBLEM
IS, I'M ONE OF THE
GOOD GUYS. I HAVE
NO **INTENTION** OF
DELIVERING THIS OR
ANY INHABITED
WORLD OVER TO
GALACTUS--
BUT--

--THAT
MEANS I'VE GOTTA
FIND A **GREEN**,
UNINHABITED WORLD,
AND **FAST**, TO FEED
THE GUY. I NEED A
RECOMMENDATION.
IN OTHER WORDS...
WELL...

...IS THERE
ANYPLACE GOOD
AROUND HERE
TO EAT?

YOUNG MAN, PLANETS SUCH
AS YOU SEEK--LUSH WORLDS
DEVOID OF LIFEFORMS--ARE,
BIOSPHERICALLY SPEAKING, NEAR-
IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THAT SAID,
THE **SECOND** PLANET
FROM OUR SUN IS WORTHY
OF **NO MERCY**. ITS
INHABITANTS ARE A **BLIGHT**
ON THE GALAXY--A
CANCEROUS RACE WHO
THRIVE ON THE PAIN OF
OTHERS.

MY ADVICE
IS TO TAKE **THEM**.
THEY WILL NOT BE
MISSED.

YOU'RE
LYING.



NO--!

YES.
DUDE, I CAN
SEE IT IN YOUR
EYES.

YOU'RE
TRYING TO TURN THIS
TO YOUR **ADVANTAGE**
BY SICKING ME ON A
CIVILIZATION YOU'VE
BEEN POINTLESSLY AT
WAR WITH FOR LONGER
THAN I'VE BEEN
ALIVE.

GHAHH.
BOY, "PEOPLE"
REALLY ARE
ALIKE ALL
OVER...!

'KAY,
THAT WENT
EXTRAORDINARILY
POORLY. AND THE
CLOCK IS TICKING
WHILE I BROWSE
THE MENU.

I GET
CRANKY WAITING
FOR THE *POPCORN*
TO 'WAVE UP. I CANNOT
IMAGINE THAT GALACTUS
IS GOING TO LET ME STALL
MUCH LONGER BEFORE HE
MAKES ME FIND HIM
A SNACK.

"FORTUNATELY,"
HE SAID WITH A
CONFIDENCE THAT
RINGS WITH INCREASING
HOLLOWNESS,
"REED AND THE
OTHERS'LL *RESCUE*
ME *FIRST*."

SO. NOW THAT I'VE BEEN
REMINDING THAT ALIENS
DON'T LIKE *SURPRISES* SO
MUCH, I'M NOT GONNA BOTHER
SNEAKING ONTO THIS NEXT
PLANET. NOPE. NO,
SIRREE.

I'M GONNA
COME IN ALL PEACEFUL-
LIKE AND HOPE FOR THE
BEST--THAT THERE
ARE NO INNOCENT
NATIVE BEINGS
HERE.

AND IF THERE
ARE, MAYBE IF THEY
SEE ME COMING
DIRECTLY, THEY'LL
BE A LITTLE LESS
AGGRESSIVE.

POSSIBLY.

PLANNING.
OW. HEAD HURTS.
WHERE ARE YOU,
REED?



EARS...
RINGING...
OH, MAN...!

HELLO?
CAN I HEAR
ME? ANSWER:
NO!

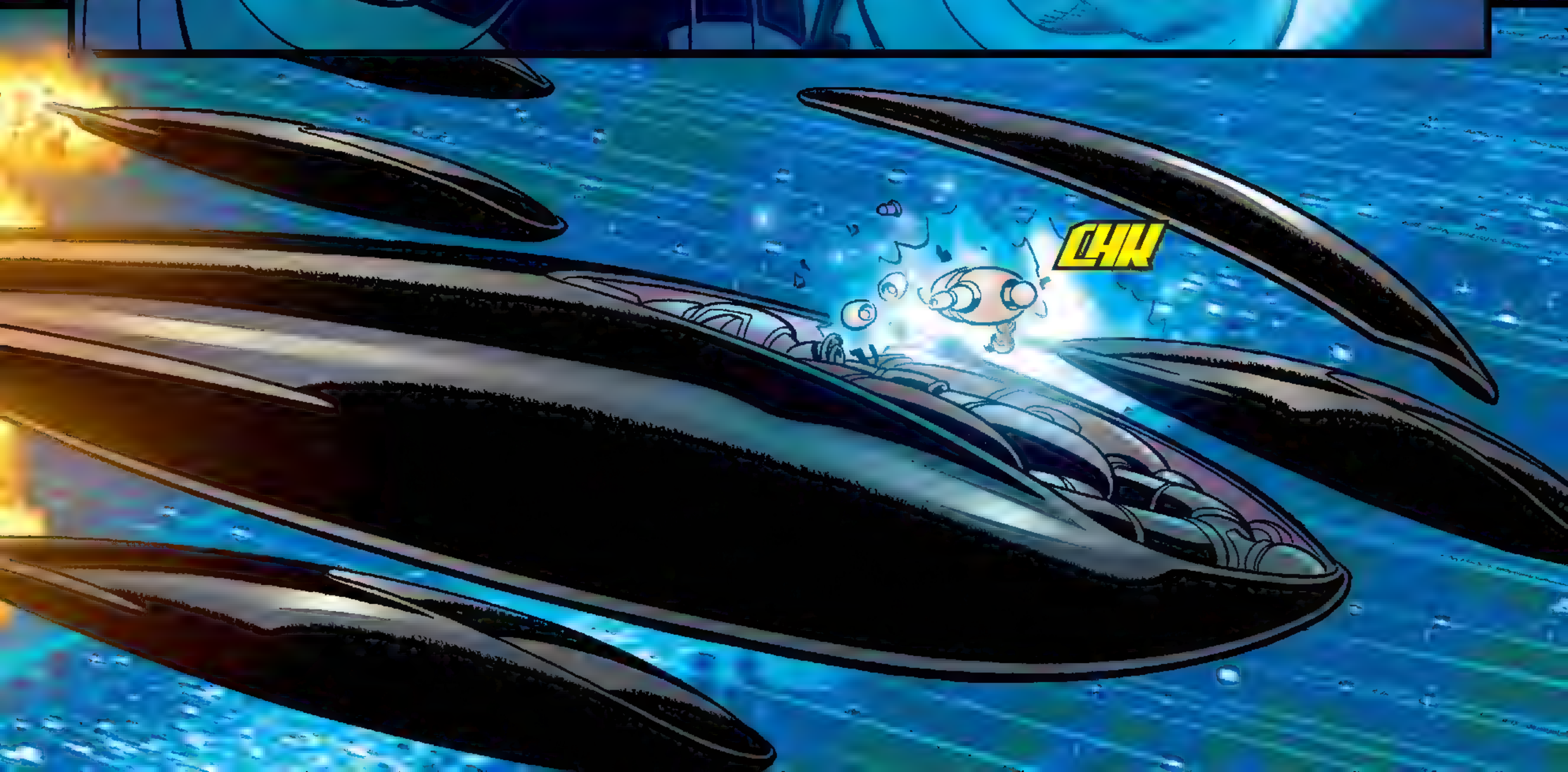
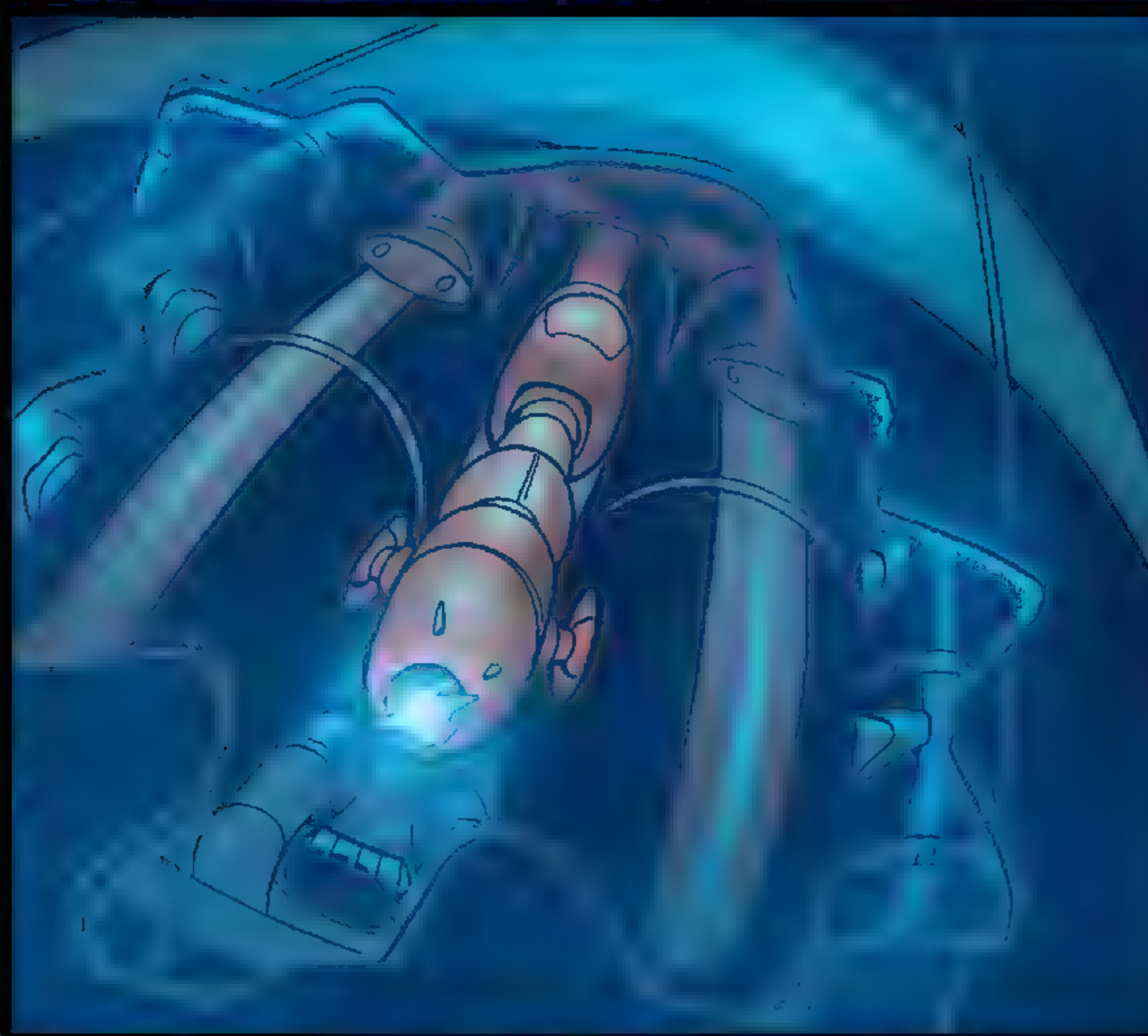
A **NUKE!**
THESE GUYS
PUNCHED ME
WITH A
NUKE!

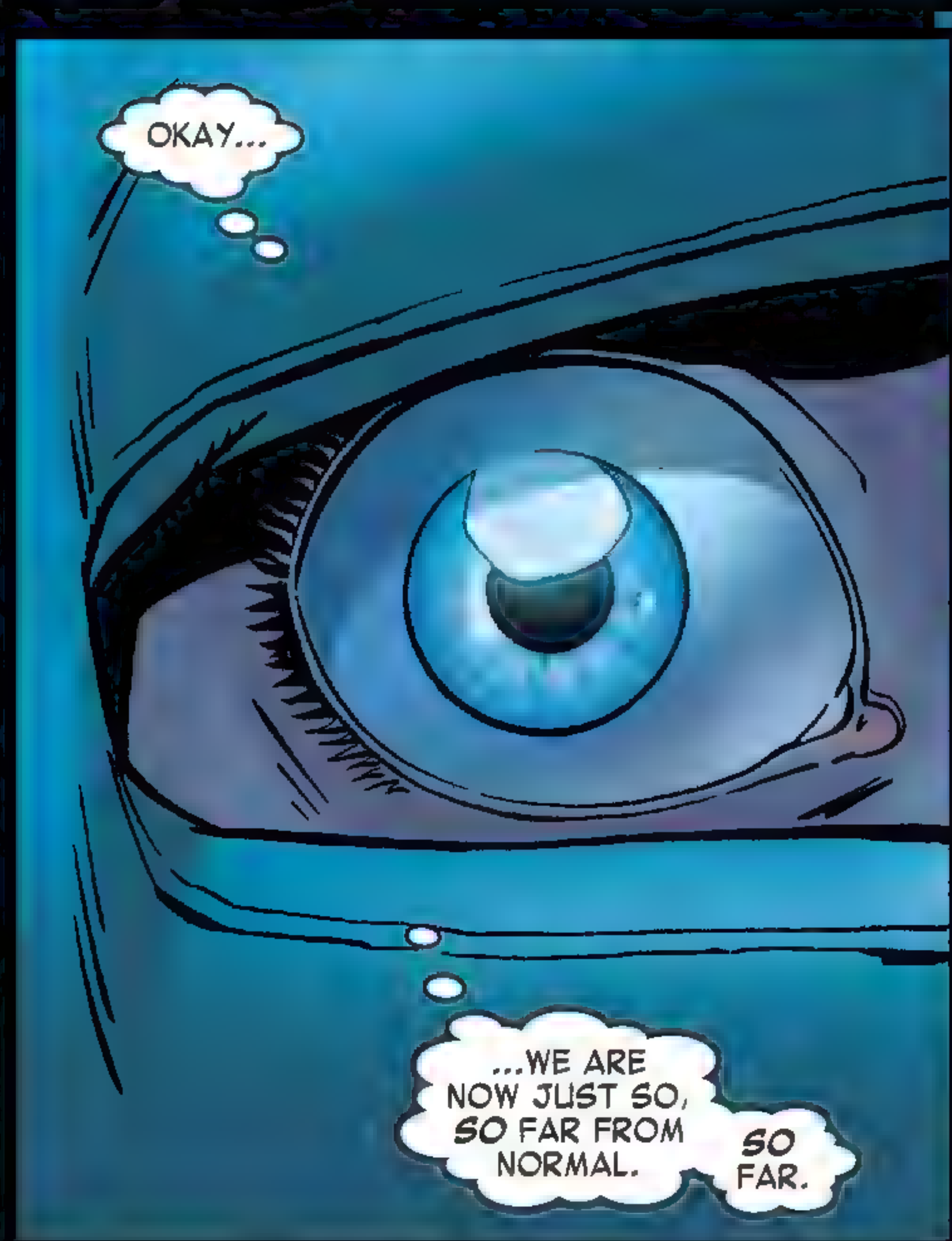
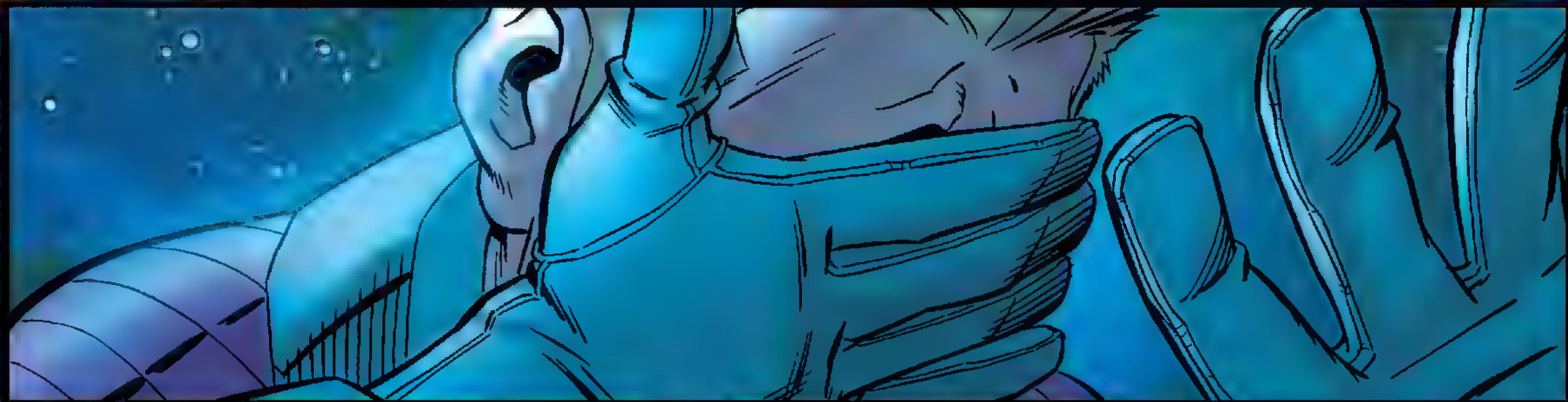
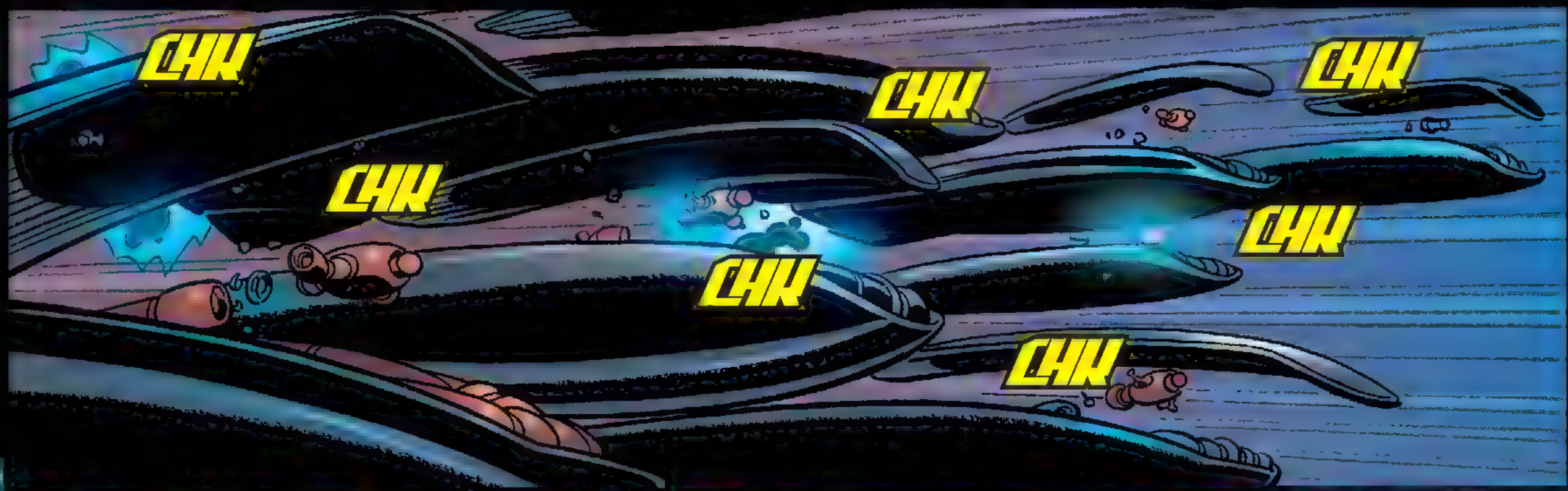
FORCE-FIELD
OR NO FORCE-FIELD,
THAT REALLY **HURT!** A
COUPLE MORE OF THOSE,
AND I'M GONNA BE SIX
RADIOACTIVE FEET
UNDER!

HOPE
THAT WAS
THEIR **BEST**
SHOT!









OKAY...

THOSE WEREN'T EXACTLY
CHEVY ENGINES.
SINCE WHEN DO I KNOW
THE FIRST THING ABOUT
DISARMING ATOMIC
BOMBS...?

I DON'T
FEEL ANY
SMARTER,
BUT...

...BUT
SOMETHING'S
DIFFERENT.

...WE ARE
NOW JUST SO,
SO FAR FROM
NORMAL. SO
FAR.

ROHNSON III.

HOLD
YOUR FIRE!
I COME IN
PEACE!

YOU
BRING THE
PEACE OF
DEATH!

NOT ON
PURPOSE!

AQUION.

...SO IF WE
JOIN **FORCES**, WE
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
MOUNT SOME SORT
OF **REBELLION**,
I'M SAYIN'.

WE'RE
FISH.

POINT.

SILORUS.

YOU, ON
THE OTHER HAND,
HAVE **MUSCLE**. I
KNOW GALACTUS
IS **TOUGH**,
BUT--

WE
SURRENDER.

+SIGH+

500000.



FINALLY.

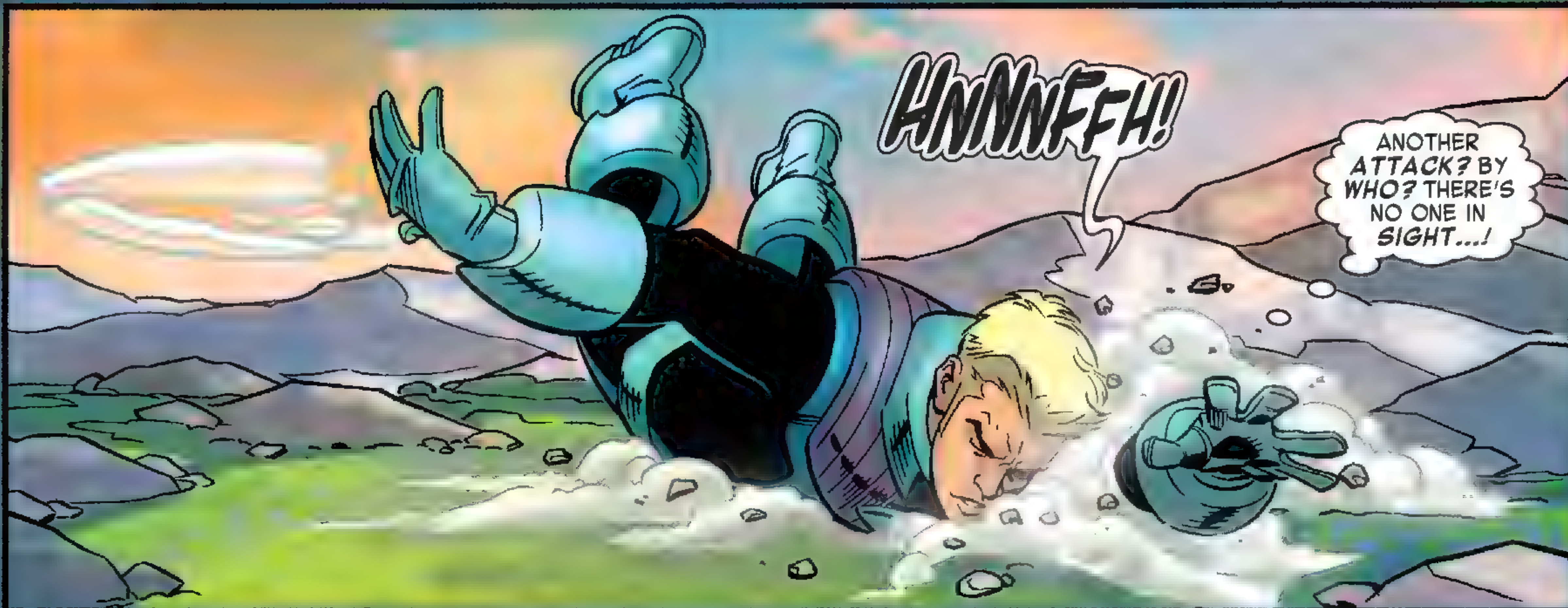
NO CITIES,
NO TECH, NO
SUBTERRANEA OR
SKY PLATFORMS,
NO SIGNS OF
SENTIENT LIFE
AT ALL.

NOTHING
BUT LEAFY
GREENS.



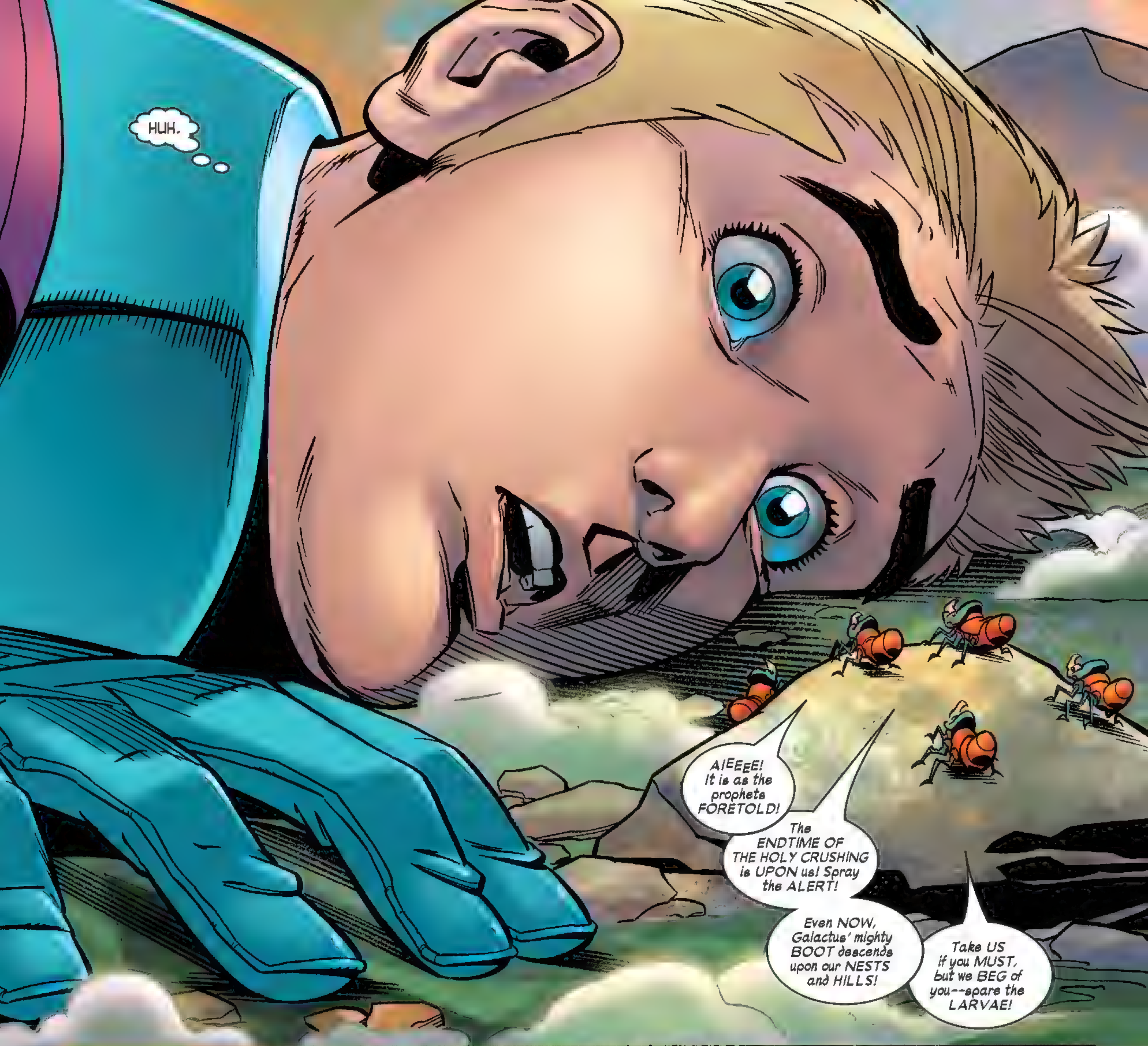
DUMP ENOUGH
RANCH DRESSING
ON IT, A FEW MILLION
CROUTONS, AND
BON APPET!

LOUD!



HNNNEEH!

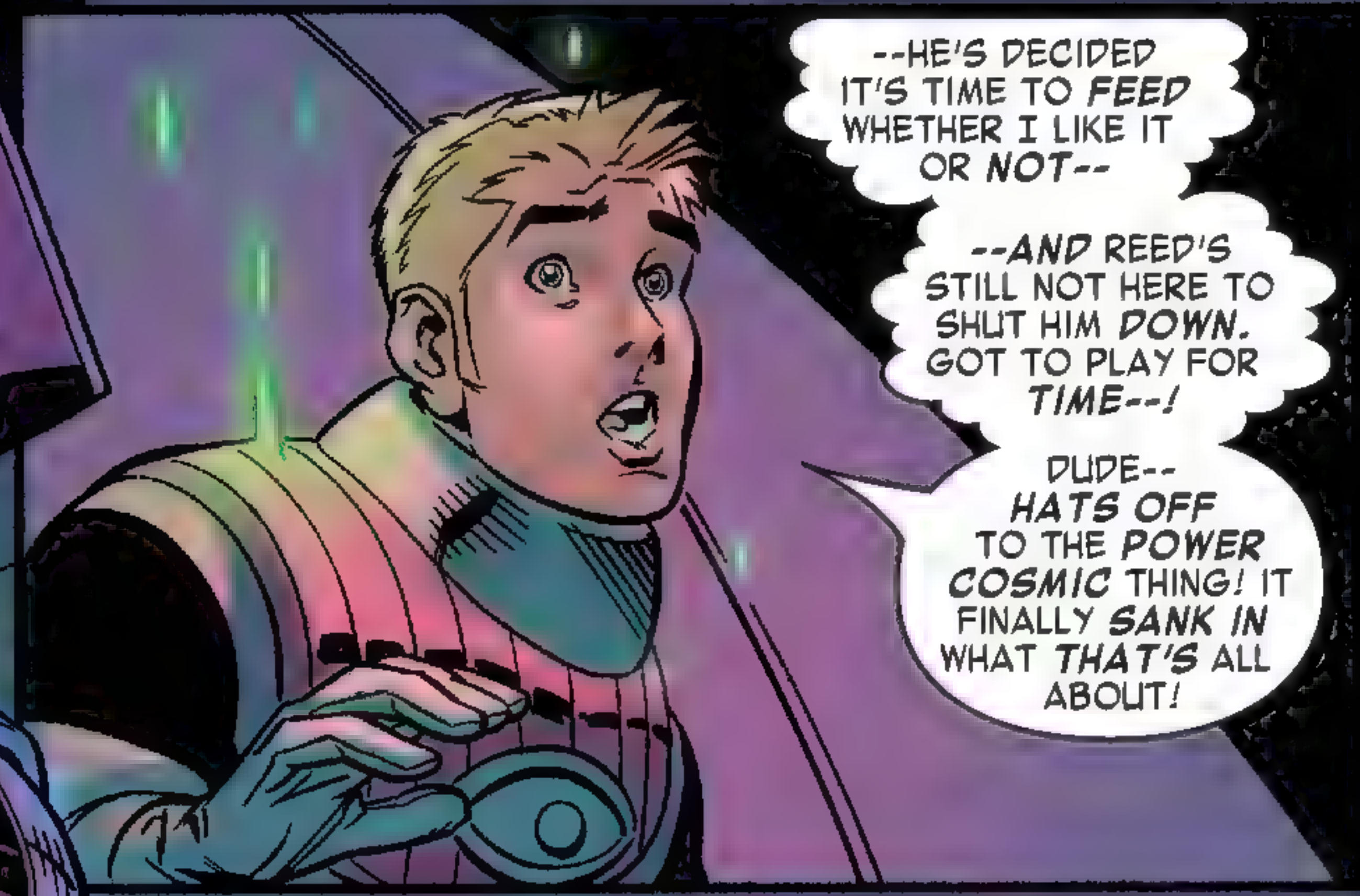
ANOTHER
ATTACK? BY
WHO? THERE'S
NO ONE IN
SIGHT...!





?
HE
'PORTED ME
BACK SHIPSIDE?
THAT MUST
MEAN--

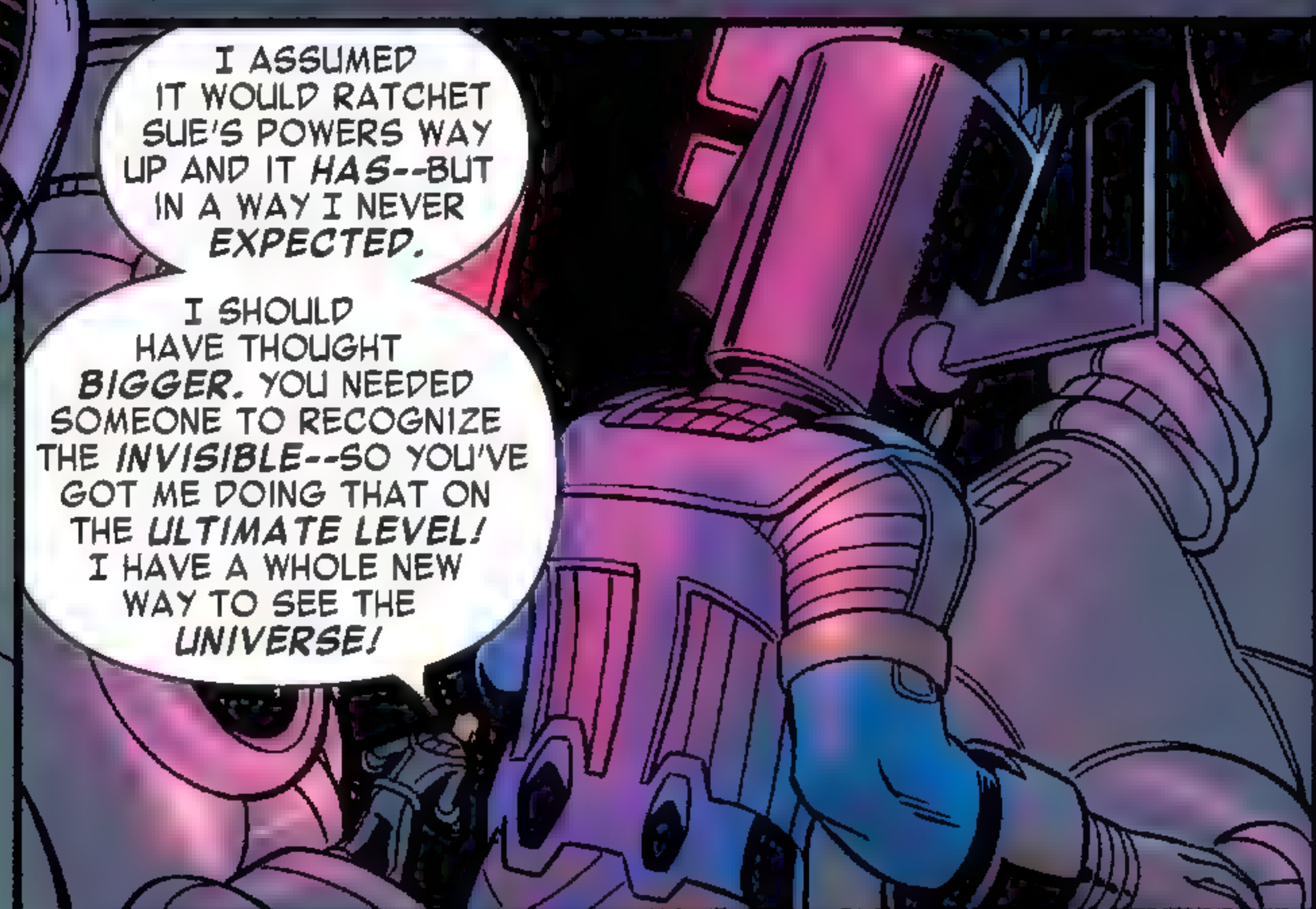
--YEAH--
I RECOGNIZE
THE
MACHINERY--



--HE'S DECIDED
IT'S TIME TO FEED
WHETHER I LIKE IT
OR NOT--

--AND REED'S
STILL NOT HERE TO
SHUT HIM DOWN.
GOT TO PLAY FOR
TIME--!

DUDE--
HATS OFF
TO THE POWER
COSMIC THING! IT
FINALLY SANK IN
WHAT THAT'S ALL
ABOUT!



I ASSUMED
IT WOULD RATCHET
SUE'S POWERS WAY
UP AND IT HAS--BUT
IN A WAY I NEVER
EXPECTED.

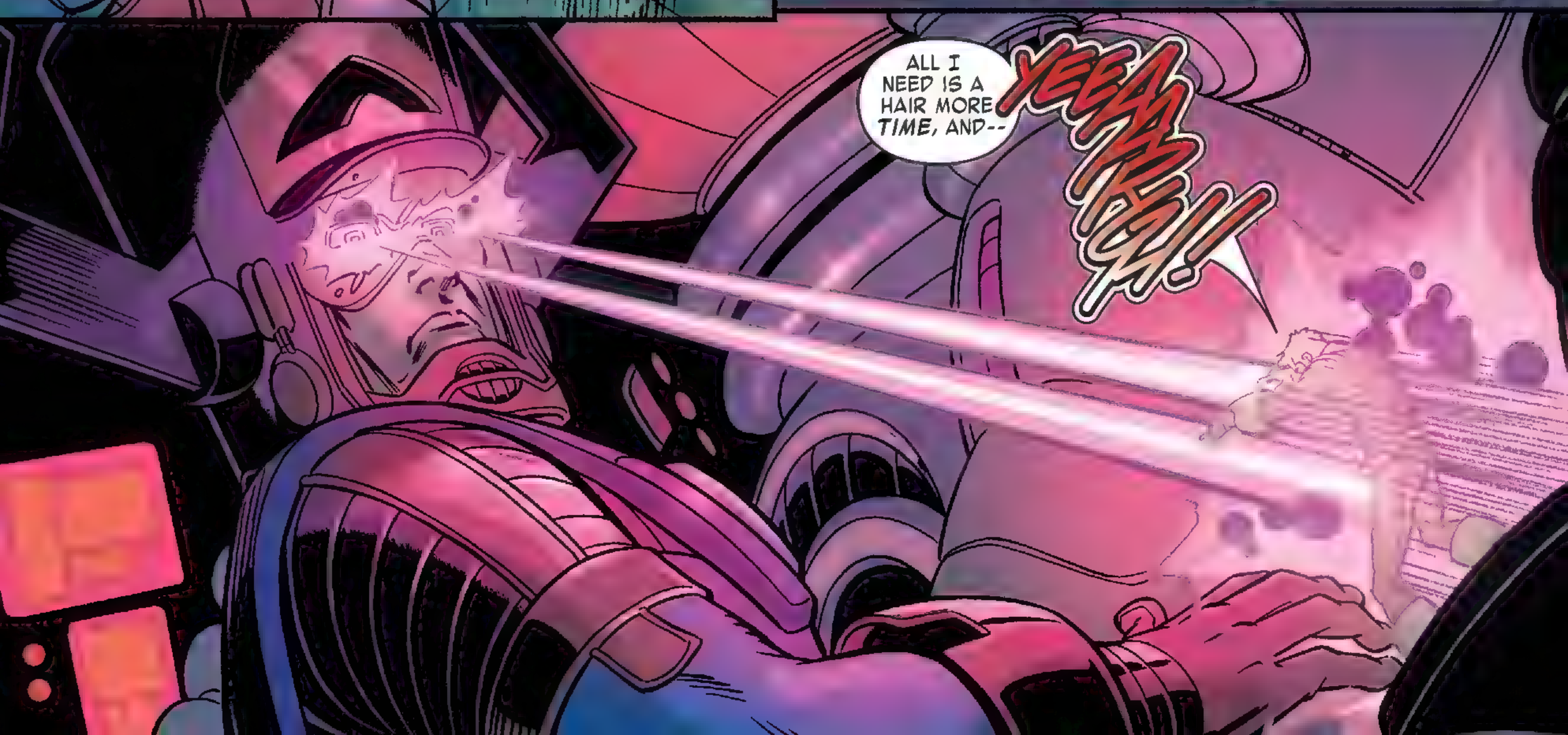
I SHOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
BIGGER. YOU NEEDED
SOMEONE TO RECOGNIZE
THE **INVISIBLE**--SO YOU'VE
GOT ME DOING THAT ON
THE **ULTIMATE LEVEL**!
I HAVE A WHOLE NEW
WAY TO SEE THE
UNIVERSE!



IT'S LIKE...IT'S LIKE... "**COSMIC
SIGHT**," KINDA. THE UNSEEN,
THE **UNNOTICED**...STUFF THAT'S
HIDDEN IN ANY SENSE OF THE
WORD...IT JUST SORT OF
AUTOMATICALLY **APPEARS**
TO ME!

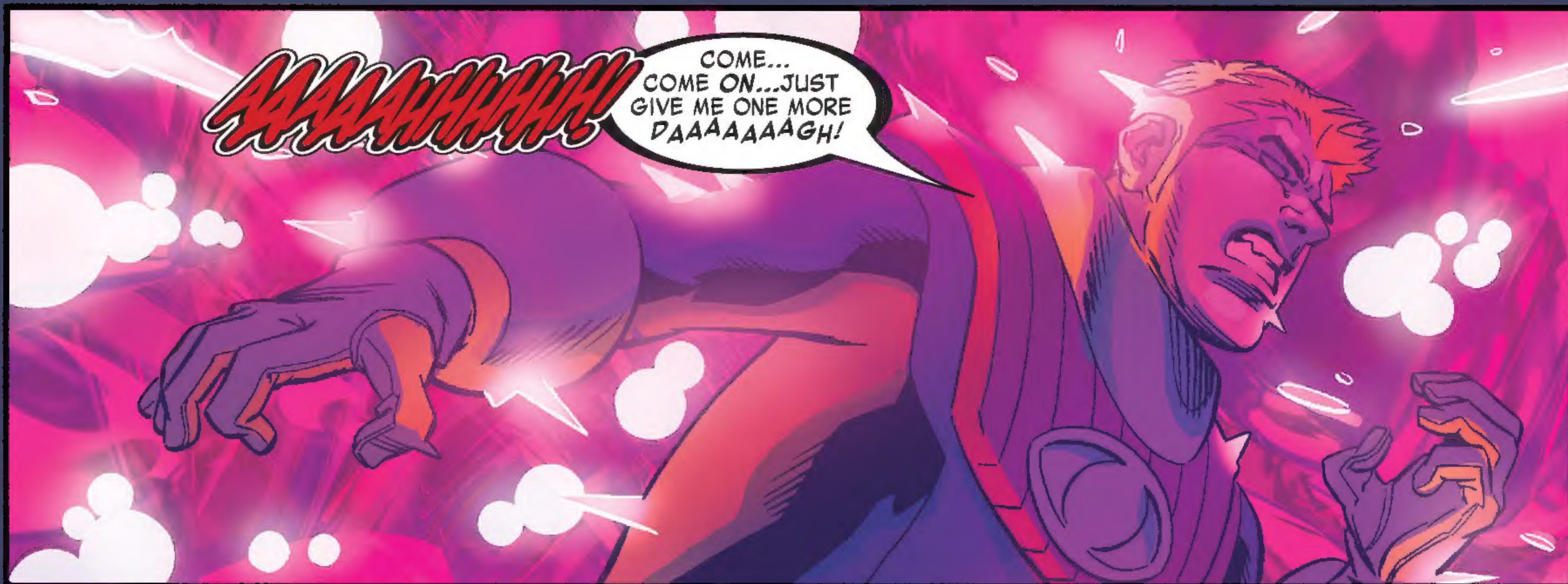
YES, YOU COULD
HAVE SPRUNG FOR AN
EMPLOYEE HANDBOOK SO I
DIDN'T HAVE TO FERRET OUT THAT
LITTLE GEM MYSELF, BUT...HEY,
BYGONES. I'M CHUFFED BY
THE **POSSIBILITIES** FOR...
FOR...FOR BOTH OF
US NOW!

DUDE,
SEEING ALL THINGS
AS THEY **ACTUALLY**
ARE MEANS I HAVE
EVERY CHANCE NOW
TO FIND THE **PERFECT**
PLANET ALL AROUND.

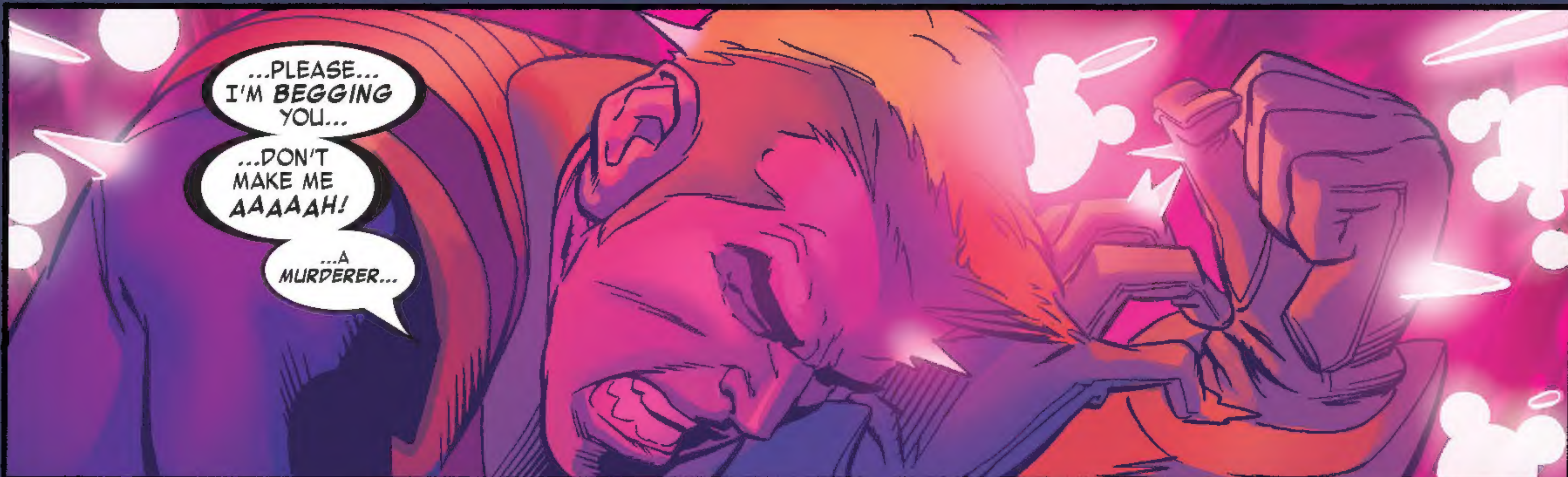


ALL I
NEED IS A
HAIR MORE
TIME, AND--

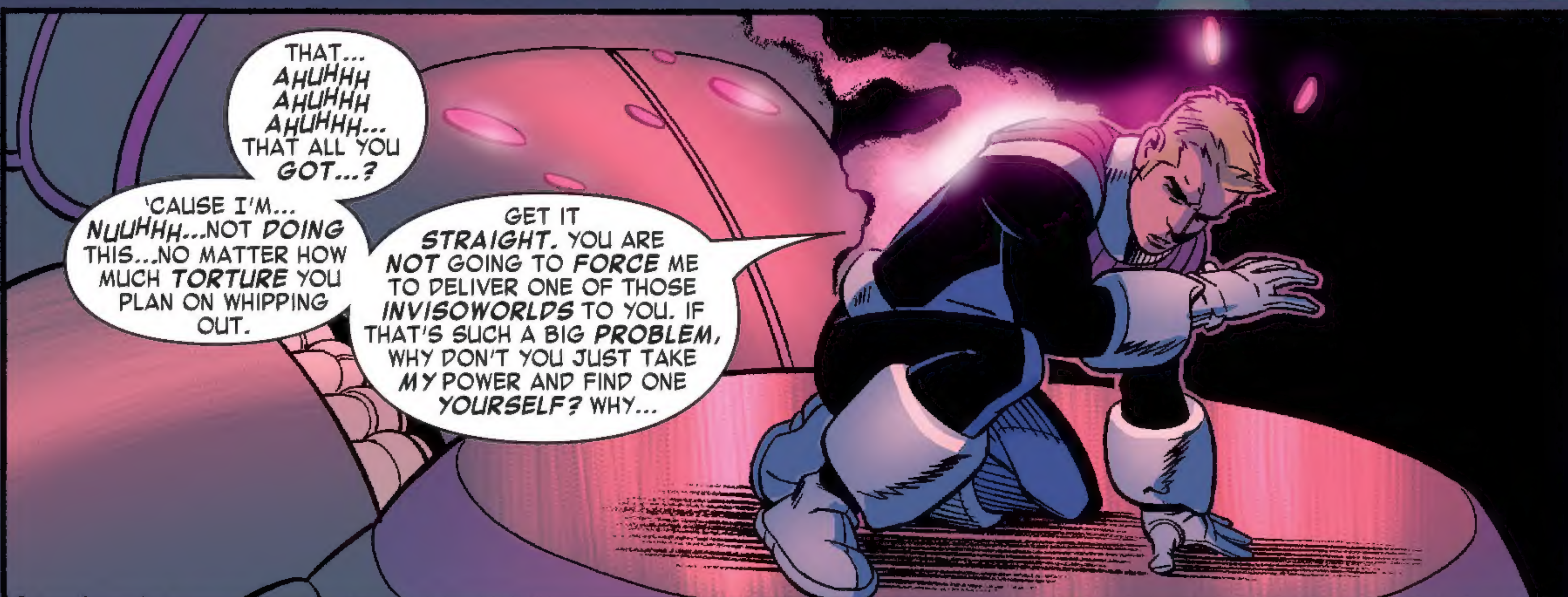
**YEEA
HAH!**



AAAAHHHHHHH!
COME...
COME ON...JUST
GIVE ME ONE MORE
PAAAAAAAGH!



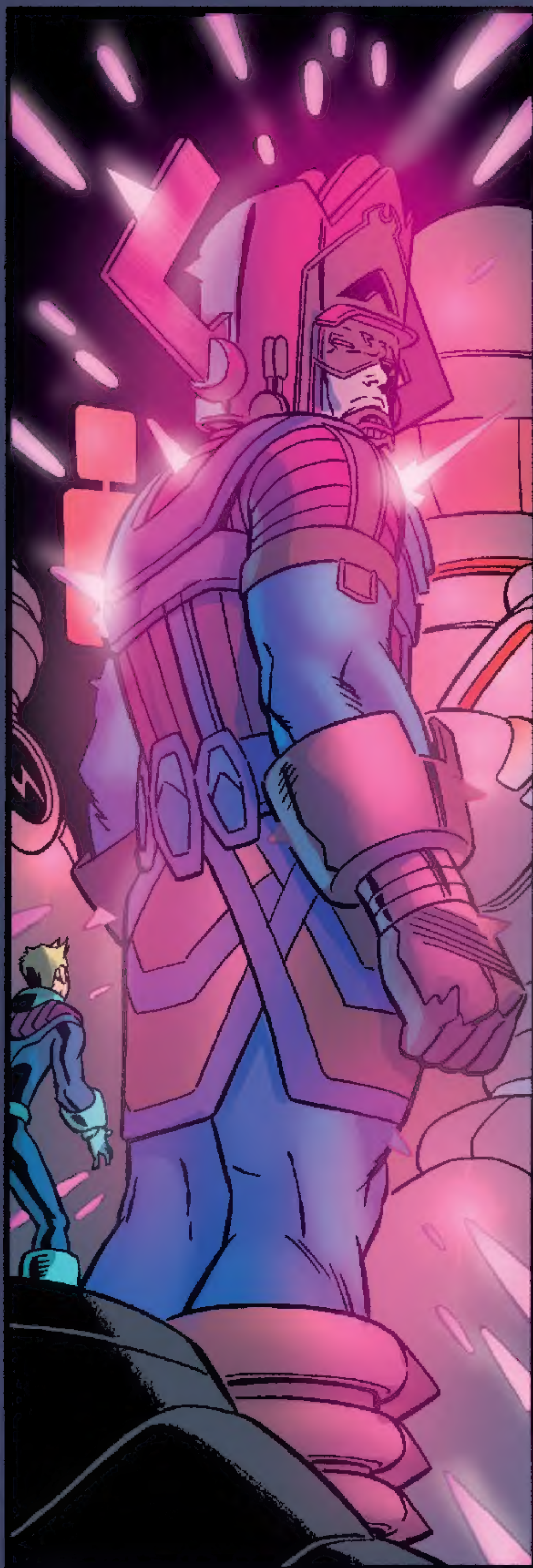
...PLEASE...
I'M **BEGGING**
YOU...
...DON'T
MAKE ME
AAAAAH!
...A
MURDERER...



THAT...
AHUHHH
AHUHHH
AHUHHH...
THAT ALL YOU
GOT...?
'CAUSE I'M...
NUUHHH...NOT **DOING**
THIS...NO MATTER HOW
MUCH **TORTURE** YOU
PLAN ON WHIPPING
OUT.
GET IT
STRAIGHT. YOU ARE
NOT GOING TO **FORCE** ME
TO DELIVER ONE OF THOSE
INVISOWORLDS TO YOU. IF
THAT'S SUCH A **BIG PROBLEM**,
WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE
MY POWER AND FIND ONE
YOURSELF? WHY...



...HEY.
HEY, THAT
IS A GOOD
QUESTION.
IF
YOU'RE SUCH
A **COSMIC BIG**
SHOT...WHY DO
YOU NEED ME
AT ALL?
WHAT
ARE YOU
HIDING...?



FINALLY.

STATISTICALLY,
IT HAD TO HAPPEN
EVENTUALLY.

SOMETHING
FINALLY MAKES
SENSE.



YEAH. YEAH! I GET IT! I'M ON THE TROLLEY NOW, PAL! YOU CAN'T USE MY MOJO BECAUSE IT'S TOO... TOO HUMAN!

I FORGET. YOU'RE NOT A GIANT MAN WITH A BAD WARDROBE. NOT THE GIANT PART, ANYWAY. YES, YOU'RE BIG...

...BUT HUMANOID...NOSE, FINGERS, OPTIC NERVES, ETCETERA...IS HOW MY BRAIN REGISTERS YOU SO IT DOESN'T MELT DOWN.

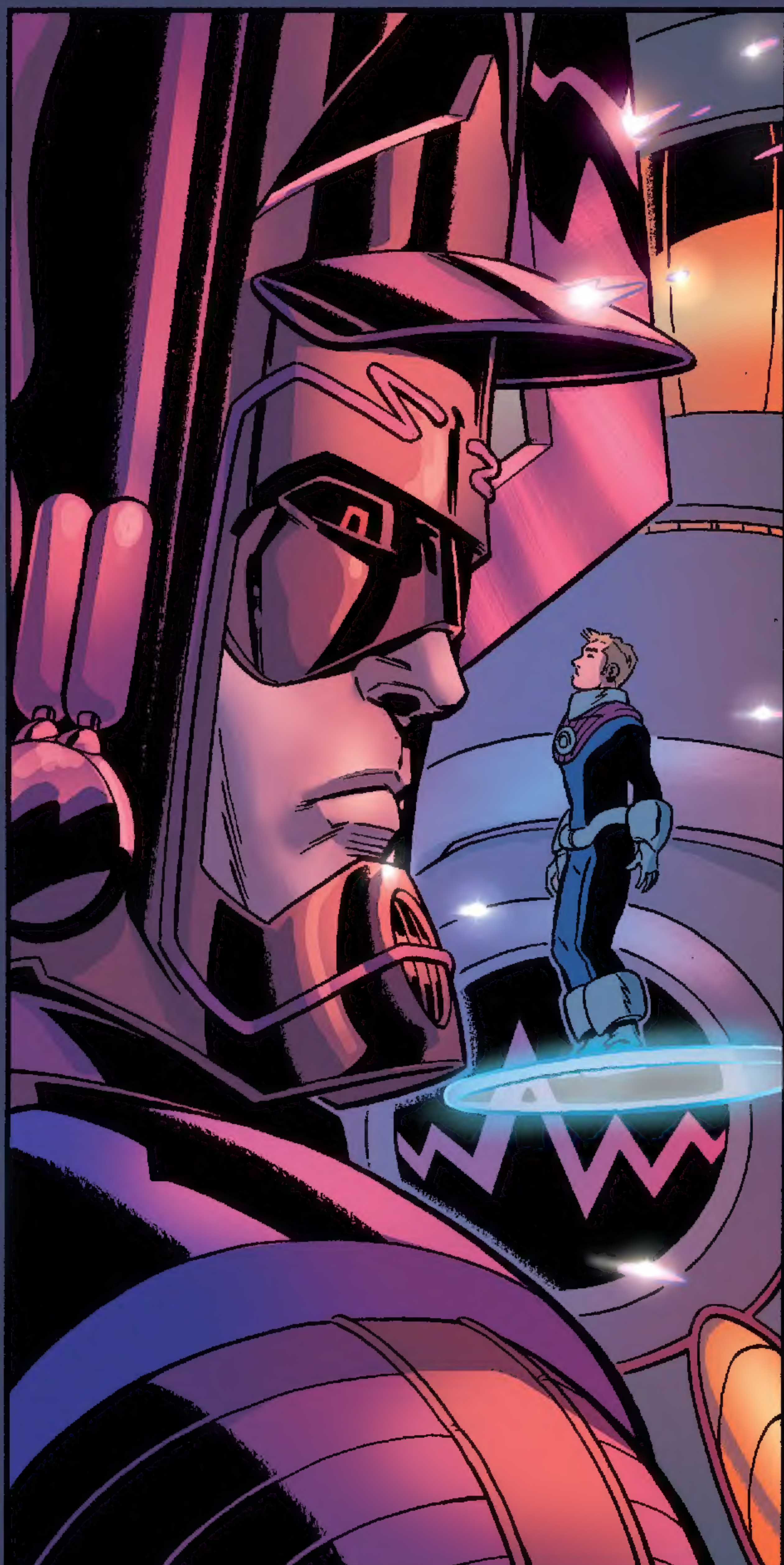


TRUTH IS, YOU'RE SO FAR BEYOND WHAT I RECOGNIZE THAT MY PIDDLING HUMAN SENSES ARE BENEATH YOU. WAY BENEATH. SO FAR BENEATH THAT YOU COULDN'T USE THEM IF YOU WANTED TO, NOT WITHOUT CLIMBING WAY BACK DOWN THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER.

AND... AND...HOW DO I KNOW THIS?

BECAUSE I HAVE NOW SEEN YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU TRULY ARE...AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER WERE.

WE HAVE TO TALK, GALACTUS. OR SHOULD I SAY... GALEN?



**GO
ON.**

Ummm...

